Supernatural, Nick, Sometimes he catches glimpses of what Lucifer is doing through eyes that are no longer his.

He has never felt so powerless. Even the smallest things have been taken from him: breathing, blinking, the freedom of movement required to scratch an itch - the ability to stay his hand, to show mercy.

Even the way Lucifer looks at things is wrong. He starts from the wrong angles, and he stares.

Nick's not worried about appearing polite. No. Lucifer stares at corpses, at incoming Gods with the same dead stare that chills Nick to his core. (He's already cold, Lucifer was an ice cube when he deposited himself into Nick, but this is different.)

On the edge of his awareness he can feel Lucifer's intent, and his fierce determination to never surrender, to never stop until the Earth is his and his alone, and -

The itch becomes pain becomes a cold burn becomes blissful release as Lucifer blots both the sensation and Nick with it from his consciousness.

The last glimpse of the world Nick sees from Lucifer's eyes is of ashes.